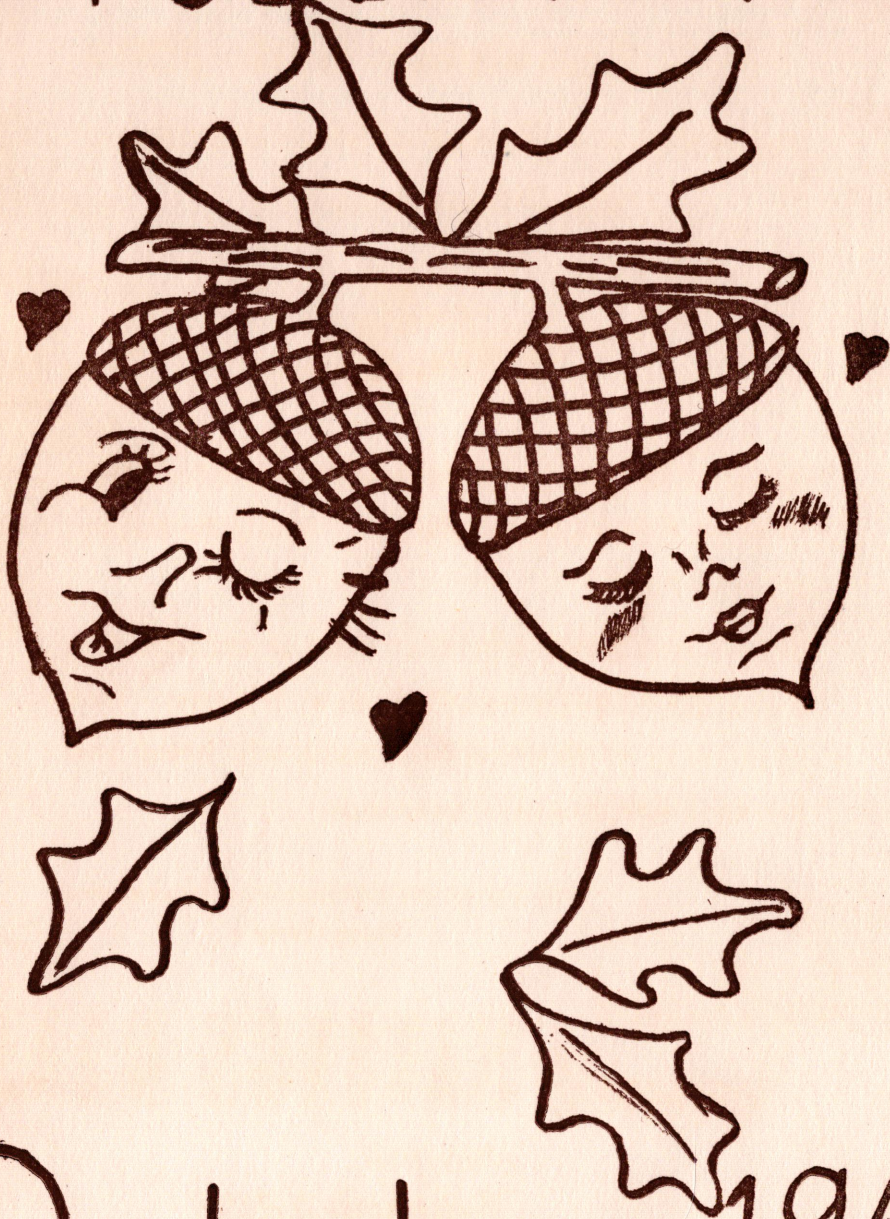


Student's Pen



October 1952

Lee Hoodkins

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Bi-Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXXVIII

OCTOBER 1952

No. 1

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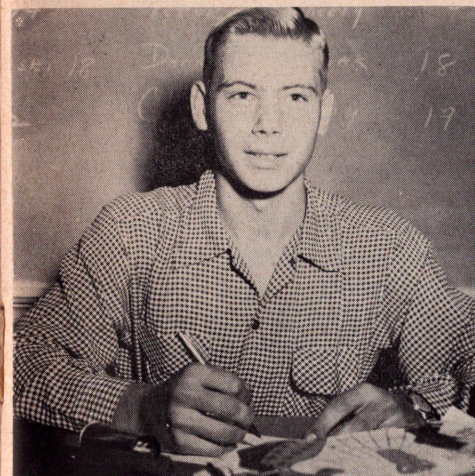
BUSINESS ADVISER

MR. WILLIAM HAYES

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From the EDITOR'S DESK

Our Part In The Elections

By Richard Moeller, '53

THE year 1952 may be a turning point in the course of American history. During 1953 and ensuing years, many momentous problems will arise, with a large number of these dependent upon the United States for decision. These important issues will be placed for judgment before those officials, the Senators, Representatives, and Executives whom the voters will elect in November. They must be capable, for upon their shoulders will rest the heavy burden of striving for world peace and of coping with our own domestic problems. As future citizens of this democracy, shouldn't we, as American high school students, become earnestly interested and concerned with the rapidly approaching elections?

With this change in leadership will inevitably come numerous revisions and modifications of our present laws and policies, some radical, others conservative. Many of these changes are listed on the party platforms. It is the duty of the voter to become acquainted with these and with the candidates who uphold them. It should be our obligation, too, to understand these issues, and the qualifications of the aspirants. We may not be able to vote, but it cannot be denied that we do have influence. If this influence is applied

correctly, the turnout of voters can be raised considerably.

Let us look a little deeper into the picture and see what a large vote this year will mean for our country. First, it will mean that those persons elected will be representative of the majority and will govern in its interest; second, high pressure political tactics and machines, which have actually run some previous elections, will be of little avail; and third, corruption in government offices will not be able to survive.

Therefore, one can see the vast need and importance of a tremendous turnout at the polls this fall. There is an organization in operation at the present time, the American Heritage Foundation, which is making an all-out attempt to remind people to fulfill their obligation to vote. Shouldn't we lend a hand also? We high school students have access to hundreds of voters—our parents, relatives and friends. We can get out the vote. We must!

Peace, lasting peace, is what every one of us really wants. It is a long road ahead, but with a capable government it can be accomplished. By helping to get out the vote, we not only shall be helping our country today, but we shall be assuring ourselves of a brighter and more secure future.

His Share of Glory

By Sara Morgan, '53

SUSAN sat very still, oblivious to the shouting voices about her. This was it. Johnnie had pushed his luck too far. This was the moment she had feared, and the thing she had so desperately tried to avoid had happened. Johnnie Mitchell was lying unconscious on the football field before her. The crowd was hushed as the doctor knelt over the still figure.

Susan had tried to warn Johnnie, but he just couldn't seem to understand. To Susan, a football player was in as much danger of being hurt as a child playing with dynamite. Every time she saw Johnnie lined up with his teammates waiting for the kickoff, she closed her eyes and silently uttered a prayer, but Johnnie always laughed at her fears and told her that it was a chance he had to take. She had teased and pleaded with him to stop playing before he was hurt. She had tried again, after the previous game when one of Johnnie's teammates received a broken foot. Johnnie was angry with her, but she was angry too. What good did it do him to go down onto the football field and knock himself out trying to put some other poor guy out of commission for a few weeks? They had argued a long time, and still Johnnie had failed to give her a valid reason for his continuing to play football. He didn't seem to know himself; it was just something he had to do.

She hadn't seen him since then, except for occasional glimpses in school. Now, here was the big game, and Johnny was being carried off the field on a stretcher. He was conscious now, and as he passed where Susan was sitting, he managed a feeble grin. Strangely enough, it was not a sheepish look of defeat but one of triumphant pride. Susan could not understand.

A part of her wanted to cry out, "I told you so," but an even greater part was a jumble of confused emotions.

As Johnnie was put in a car and taken away, his arm covered with bandages, Susan mumbled a hurried good-bye to her friends and made her way through the milling crowd. She walked home the long way, her feet scuffing through the dry, brittle leaves. A stiff autumn breeze stirred the leaves and sent them whirling in cycles before her on the sidewalk.

As she walked she thought of those people back at the football game. What did they care that a certain Johnnie Mitchell was lying in a hospital with doctors working over him? Did they care that he might have to carry his arm in a sling for many weeks waiting for the shattered bone to heal? Then, even as the dawn breaks over the dim shrouded world, the answer came to Susan's questioning mind. Of course they cared. Hadn't they cheered and applauded as Johnnie was leaving the field? Didn't his fellow students smile and pat him on the back after a hard-won game? Once he had even been interviewed by the local newspaper. He, Johnnie Mitchell, was well known for his prowess on the football field. The same Johnnie Mitchell was too shy and reserved to make the debating team, and lacked the talent to master a musical instrument well enough to belong to the school band. He had not been able to do many of the things he had wanted to, which would give him the feeling of belonging. Did he belong? Yes, thought Susan, he did belong, especially when he was down on the field and the stands were filled with cheering people and he had known, even as we all do in time, his share of glory.

AUTUMN

By Marilyn Case, '53

Cornstalks rustling in the breeze,
Colored leaves upon the trees,
The golden hills, the misted glens,
Tell of autumn, here again.

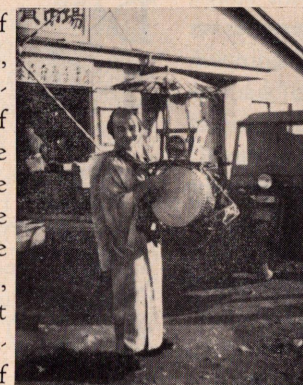
Scenes From Japan

By Pat Loach, '54

THIS is the first in a series of articles about the customs, dress, schools, holidays, religion and lives of the people of Japan. In our world today we need to be able to live in peace with our neighbors, but we can't accomplish this until we understand their ways of life, which are bound to be different from ours. Having just returned from Japan after a stay of two years, I feel it is a privilege to be able to write these articles with the hope that they may give you a better understanding of the Japanese people, many of whom have become my dearest and best friends.

To be able to imagine yourself in a main street in a little Japanese village would be a difficult feat for you if you had not been there. You would first have to picture a typical New England country road. Make in it a number of ruts and muddy holes. Then, using your imagination a little further, change the maples, elms, and ashes into magnolia trees, willows and pines; the bushes and hedgerows into flowering shrubs, neat rock gardens, and bamboo fences; the passing cars into many ox carts, horse carts, and bicycles—and a few ancient automobiles—and you could more or less visualize a country village. But it would be almost impossible to picture the quaint thatched and tiled houses; the round-faced, happy children; the bustling, busy people; and their foreign way of life—strange to us because it is so different.

In Japan the population is 501 to the square mile, with a total of 146,372 square miles and 73,114,000 people. The land is very crowded, as you can see by these figures, and every family (with the exception of those living in the heart of the city) cultivates, although not



JAPANESE VENDER

always owns, a farm, or at least a portion of an acre of land, upon which they grow a large share of their food. This is very necessary, as most of their families are a great deal larger than those of Americans. The farmers have terraced the mountains and hills for farming, and, although the soil is quite rocky and very much overused, there are not many square miles of territory which are not under settlement or cultivation.

Some families also own a small store of some description to help support themselves. We really shouldn't call them stores, for the majority of them are merely one room stalls, built into the fronts of the houses. In one town there often are as many as a dozen stores of one sort, specializing in one kind of merchandise, either sweets, clothes, fish, meats, vegetables, toys, souvenirs, or dry goods. Often unusual signs are displayed to advertise their merchandise, as, for example, a pair of "getas" over the geta shop. The store owners sometimes hire men to advertise these wares, and if you are walking along the street and hear a loud banging of drums and cymbals, mixed with a wailing cry, you know it is such an advertising man. However, a favorite expression of the foreigners in Japan is: "If you have seen the shops in one village, you have seen them in all Japan!"

Contrary to belief, there are very few rickshaws in Japan, the main means of transportation being the bicycle, as people cannot afford automobiles. Connecting the cities are electric trains, which are frequently used, but even so, the Japanese people walk a great deal more than we do.

In Japan there are few really large cities, most of the population being spread out in

rural districts, but here is marked a definite change from the comparatively quiet country village. There is the same noise and confusion, modern buildings, department stores, street cars, buses, and hurrying people as we have in America. For the most part, European dress is worn here, except for the blue uniform of a school boy or girl, and here and there a bright holiday "kimono". Even so, when one gets off the main street, one sees the same open stalls as are seen in the villages.

Whether you were traveling in city or country, you would know you were in another land, because, though similar in many respects, the difference cannot but help to create a spirit of interest and fascination in an outsider.

AUTUMN

By Toni Lincks, '56

Up on the hillside, against the sky
Where fleecy clouds go drifting by
Stood a glorious sight that all should see
Jack Frost had tinted the old oak tree.

Against the sky of azure blue
Its flaming colors shone bright and true.
Crimson and gold in their autumn glee
Were the leaves that hung on the old oak tree.

Along came the wind, up over the hill
And the golden leaves danced where they
once were still.
It tugged and it pulled those gay leaves free
From the stretched-out branches of the old
oak tree.

They rose to the sky as they whirled and
twirled
'Til at last they were free to see the world.
But the wind brought an end to the wonder-
ful spree
And settled them down 'neath the old oak
tree.

Alone on the hill with its long arms bare
It sighs to itself in the chilly air,
And waits for the snow, so soft to see,
To smother the cares of the old oak tree.

Tricks or Treats

By Kathleen McMahon, '54

DARK, mysterious figures slinking about, an evil leer from a bright jack o' lantern, the chill moan of the wind through the trees, inky blackness as the moon is covered by a cloud. What goes on? Why, it's Hallowe'en, of course,—spook night. On October 31st the witches ride, goblins howl, and black cats hiss. The streets are covered with a weird assortment of ghosts, tramps, gypsies, pirates, and almost any other peculiar creature imaginable. The small fry of the town have their chance to get dressed to the hilt and become exposed to that strange, intangible thing called mystery.

Unfortunately, though, some of the not-so-young generation use Hallowe'en as an excuse for destruction and mowing down what gets in their way. Tying doors together and such harmless pranks are quite all right and are usually taken in the spirit in which they were intended, but when a person finds a few broken windows in his house and nails in his tires, don't expect him to say, "Tch,tch," and leave it at that.

This is not a treatise on the declining morals of the younger generation, but it might be well to remember that if you had to pay for the wrecked articles, you would have a hard time finding humor in the situation.

Teen-agers, however, are not expected to sit at home and wish they could be out hauling in loot. The Park Department annually gives a dance at the Masonic Temple, and many high school students give their own parties with a hayride or something suitably Hallowe'enish. Actually it's quite possible to have a really good time without being destructive. Granted, some people seem to get an almost demoniacal glee out of wrecking someone else's property, but most normal teen-agers enjoy themselves to the fullest extent at a good party. Why don't you try it this year? Bet you'll have fun.

Bubbles

By Lynn Livingston, '54

BUBBLES, bubbles, and more bubbles. Every eye in the great metropolis of New York was gazing upwards. Floating gently down on the breeze, my bubbles astounded the world. Every color of the rainbow was reproduced by the vivid hues of these floating miracles—orange, red, blue, green, and gold. Each day these bubbles appeared at certain times to delight the hearts of children and astonish the minds of adults. "Where do they come from?" people asked. "Are they from another planet? Or are they filled with poison gas and sent from Russia?"

Ah me, the world is surely in a sorry state when it becomes suspicious of harmless little bubbles. But still the question remains. Who made them? Why, I did, naturally. Who am I? Well, my name is Homer, and I am one of the many unrecognized geniuses in this world.

I realized that most geniuses are not recognized as such until after they had—well, to put it delicately, passed away. Since I did not feel that this was very promising, I put my fertile mind to work and attempted to discover a remedy for my unfavorable position. I might be able to discover a new type of bomb, but by now people were so used to these kinds of discoveries that no one paid them much attention. What could I do that would make me famous now? Then it hit me like a—like a—well, it just hit me. Bubbles! I, Homer, would create a machine which produced unbreakable bubbles.

I set to work and in twelve months I began to get results. After a year and a half had passed, my invention was ready for the crucial test. But day after day I put it off. Horrible dreams of failure kept me awake at night, and became so bad that I was unable to eat. Finally I decided that I would have to test the machine. The day after I made this decision, I took my machine and began the long tramp to a deserted hillside nearby. There I set up

my contraption and proceeded to crank it. For a half hour I cranked, and nothing happened. Just as I was about to give up, the bubbles burst forth. I watched them with despair in my heart, for instead of being unbreakable they were exquisitely colored. I watched several of them break, and the rest sailed out of sight as they climbed higher and higher in the sky. All my hopes of fame vanished with the last bubble, and I wearily began to journey back to New York. When I reached the center of the city, I was amazed to see that everyone was looking towards the heavens. I, too, lifted my eyes to the blue sky, and, lo and behold, there were my bubbles drifting down to earth.

Now it is common knowledge that bubbles which go up do not come down, but there they were sailing merrily upon New York. The next day the newspapers were filled with this story of the bubbles from nowhere. Wars stopped, petty arguments ceased, while the great scientists of the world attempted to discover the source of these miracles. This continued for a week (I worked the machine three times a day), and just as I was about to reveal my identity, the darn thing broke down. Since I didn't have the slightest idea of how I made it, I was wholly incapable of repairing it. As is human nature, people soon forgot about the bubbles when they ceased to appear. So, here I am, once again one of the many unrecognized geniuses in this world.

P.S. Any resemblance to persons or places you know is purely coincidental.

OCTOBER

By Paula Waxstien, '55

The air is tangy, smoky in autumn.
And with a last burst of life
Leaves are clinging to the windswept trees.
Breathe it deeply that it may linger
After the last leaf has faded and all is bleak.

Shades of Queen Victoria

By Marlene Burns, '55

I JUST can't help it. It happens every time that I sit down at the typewriter, and that is all there is to it! I was trying very hard to explain this to Miss Howard this afternoon, but even though I almost begged her to believe me, she still looked doubtful.

It all began on a day in early September when she mentioned that we were to have a composition ready for the next day. Since I had nothing better to do while I was making my way home that afternoon, my thoughts dwelled upon what I would use for a plot. Now I am no literary genius, so it took three blocks of walking and an overdose of hard thinking to hit upon an idea, which was, I thought, a fairly good one at that. In my eagerness, I even sort of ran home. (I usually just casually saunter toward 65 Goodrich Road.) Of course, the very minute I entered the house Mother read off the list of errands that were awaiting me. I pleaded desperately with her and she finally, but somewhat grudgingly, decided that they might possibly wait for ten minutes, but no more!

With that off my mind, I went into my bedroom, loudly slammed the door to prevent any interference from such distracting elements as the telephone, and headed for the typewriter. I might have known that this would be the day when the crotchety ribbon would decide to unwind itself; for those precious ten minutes I did a successful job of getting myself permanently stained a jet black and strangled with the vicious roll of ribbon. I heard Mother walking toward my room, and I made one last frantic attempt to extricate myself. Instead, I made a knot that would have passed every Boy Scout requirement three times. Mother opened the door and saw what a beautiful mess I had made of myself and the ribbon. She stood there, her hands on her hips, in utter astonishment. She made several pointed remarks about the

wasting of time, intended for no one else but me; nevertheless, she helped me out of my straight jacket. Then I was whisked off to find the whereabouts of two cups of pulverized apple juice.

It must have been at least nine o'clock when I finally sat down at "ye olde" typewriter and started to peck out my masterpiece. At first my ideas were somewhat stubborn in presenting themselves, but ten sheets of paper later, they gave in to me and I attacked the poor machine savagely. At ten-thirty I sat back and read my brain child. Rather smugly, I admitted to myself that it wasn't the worst literature I had read. When Mother finally came in, she found me reading it for the fifth time. She didn't have to say anything, for I could tell that I had better get ready for bed, or else! I put my masterpiece in a safe place, gave it a reassuring pat, and began to hunt for my pajamas.

My efforts hadn't been wasted, for when the papers were finally returned by Miss Howard, I lit up like a neon sign, seeing the "Excellent" written across the top in red pencil. But there was a snag in the triumph, for underneath the mark was a note which requested me to appear in Miss Howard's room after school. I wondered why she had chosen me, of all people, to be late for field hockey practice. Later I was secretly rather pleased when she said she would be awaiting another excellent composition from me the next day. That evening again found me whisking another piece of paper in the typewriter, ready and willing to be inspired with another brainstorm. I sat there blankly for a half hour, though, just waiting for a new plot to present itself. After another half hour this grew rather boring, and I idly began pecking at the keys, not paying any particular attention to what was being written. I looked up to see what had been printed on the

page, and, lo and behold, there in front of me was perched an exact copy of the story I had written a week before. I was dumbfounded. I looked carefully to make sure that third coke hadn't affected me. It hadn't. I tried again. I grabbed for the support of the nearby bookcase. There for the second time was a carbon copy of the first story. I couldn't imagine what had happened, and it must have shown on my face, for as I later made my way to the refrigerator, Dad asked me what was the matter. I told him half-heartedly, "Nothing." Although he seemed rather dubious, he didn't say anything. Even later that evening I found myself explaining the peculiar, almost fantastic situation to him. Half jokingly, but in an effort to amuse me, I suppose, he mentioned that his Uncle John had experienced the same situation. Then I thought that it might run in the family and I was really terrified. Dad told me that Uncle John had once been a very promising artist, except for the fact that the only thing he could draw was a portrait of Queen Victoria. Even when he tried desperately to draw a portrait of his wife, the resulting Queen Victoria looked so realistic that it won first prize in the annual art exhibition.

LAST MINUTE WHISPERS

By Natalie Hodskins, '54

A chill breeze is blowing deep in the glen
And the leaves are whispering, "When, oh
when.
Will our summer green turn brown?
When will the wind drive us all to the
ground?"

"We've lived a full life and the breeze blows
so cold
Oh, to lie peaceful in winter's soft fold!
Shine on us, shine on us, autumn sun.
Change us to gold, and when you are done,
Blow, mighty wind, and send us all flying;
To beds 'neath the snow where at peace we'll
be lying."

A Dream Recipe

By Nancy Decelles, '56

THIS is my recipe for a really enjoyable day. First take a large green meadow. Next add the ingredients of shady elm trees, one and a quarter cups of strawberries, and a dash of mixed wild flowers. Add one dozen of lively, freckled-faced children. Bake in the temperature of a summer sun. Frost with an icing of blue sky, decorated with two or three large fluffy clouds of a feathery texture. Cut into small slices so all the children of our land may enjoy an ideal day.

FALL AT P. H. S.

By Sara Milne, '55

Summer is over; the leaves all have turned
And here we are back with "lots" to be
learned.
Our football team, decked in purple and
white,
Brings from the crowd loud screams of
delight;
The cheerleaders all are so very vivacious
You just have to yell when they go through
their paces;
The P. H. S. band is right on its toes,
Every sound carries to the very last rows;
THE STUDENT'S PEN staff is working like mad
To make each issue the best that we've had;
The various clubs have projects in store,
All of which make for us pleasures galore.
It's strange that this energy hasn't struck me,
But from all homework I long to be free;
My textbooks just seem to lie there en masse
At home, in my locker, until next day's class.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

By Sandra Rabiner, '54

Aunt Minnie came to call last week
And dragged poor Uncle Lem.
They hadn't seen me in five years
Oh, my! I startled them!
No longer do I walk on stilts,
Screech by the house on skates.
I guess to hear, "My! How you've grown!"
Is one of children's fates!

:: :: :: **Poetry** :: :: ::

A CHALLENGE

By Patricia Loach, '54

My poem will be of where I've been;
Of what I think, of what I've seen,
Of the Communistic "Peace" regime:
Of the standing of this world.

They steal the pride of nation's youth
From home and church, to villainous ruth.
To teach them all but facts and truth,
And beauty of the soul.

The first-fruits of the land they place
In barns that see no peasant's face;
But czars and traitors of their race
Get all the prizes there.

To war, they send their neighbor's men,
To finish aggression they begin,—
But murder "comrades" of Stalin,
When orders aren't obeyed.

In hospitals where brave men lie—
With mangled bodies; useless eyes,
And thoughts of war, and agonies—
That's where my prayers rest now.

Or men who lie in rude-dug graves,
Among the mountains: killed by knaves,
Who knew not better—were not brave
Enough to stand alone.

These men had love of plow and soil;
For homes and families they did toil.
But famine did their land despoil,
And they were starved and cold.

A brighter beam of promises
Shone past their starving premises.
"Ah! something new and good is this,
To fill our hungry mouths."

The people thought the army nice;
It gave them clothes; it gave them rice.
But they did not know the monstrous price
That they would have to pay.

There are young boys—just like our own,
Who are killed on mountainous battle zone;
Away from friends, away from homes—
It is not they to blame.

"All's fair in love and war," 'tis said,
But no, thrice no, It's wrong instead,
To let them kill a thousand heads—
Like cattle every day.

It's clear to all—this dreadful wrong,
Has gone on very much too long:
And we must stand on something strong,
To triumph in the end.

So let us take up arms, and fight!
With all our soul, and all our might!
To win—not wars—but peace and right,
To keep God's banner high.

AUTUMN MAGIC

By Marilyn Case, '53

Autumn colors
Gold and red
In the treetops
Overhead,
Swirling, twirling
Round and round,
They swiftly pile
On the ground.

Once they all
Were green and bright,
Now have colored
Overnight.
For Mother Nature
Just has built
A special Berkshire
Patchwork quilt.

WOMAN DRIVER

By Anne Maguire, '55

In traffic I would hardly mind her,
If alas, alack, I weren't behind her.

GAME FOR ANYTHING

By Loretta Waryjasz, '54

Football's a game for the sturdy of frame,
For the rough and the tough and the hearty.
It isn't a tea, you will have to agree,
It isn't a pantywaist party.

In spite of the pads and the helmet, a lad's
Quite likely to pick up some scratches,
As well as some sprains and assortment of
pains,
And bruises in dozen-lot batches.

He may lose his wind and get slightly de-
shinned,
In a game for the title this autumn.
When players pile high, he may be the guy,
With a foot in his face, on the bottom.

But you can't be a hero and fiddle like Nero,
You can't stand aside from the tussle.
You have to jump in and go all-out to win
And devote every ounce of your muscle.

To be one of the gang, you must bear every
bang,
Every knock, every scrape—no denying,
And manage to glare like a lion or bear
When you fell just a little like crying.

THE SEA

By Natalie Hodskins, '54

Roll on, roll on, oh mighty sea
Hide your secrets well.
Carry ships of majesty
Upon your foaming swell.

Send them flying day by day
Through storm, and wind, and rain,
Roll them, toss them on their way
Till they reach port again.

Such humor, likewise wit, denote it.
This poetry is great; I wrote it.

MR. TOUCHDOWN

By Anne Maguire, '56

He caught the ball and started to run
Sprinting as though he was shot from a gun.
The crowd was roaring as sideways he
stepped
Evading a tackler very adept.
Past the foe and into the clear,
Speeding along in his fastest gear.
Into the end zone before he was downed;
And when he picked himself up from the
ground
He saw then, sixty yards back where it lay—
There was a handkerchief on the play.

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

Witches will ride
And ghosts will fly
Across the dark
And eerie sky
On Hallowe'en night
On scary Hallowe'en night.

A branch will creak;
A tree will groan.
The wind will howl
And sigh and moan,
Come Hallowe'en night
Come creepy Hallowe'en night.

A wisp of cloud
Will veil the moon,
The bats and owls
Screech out of tune
All Hallowe'en night
All ghastly Hallowe'en night,

While I at home
Will hide in bed
And pull the sheet
Over my head
This Hallowe'en night
This spooky Hallowe'en night.

CAREER CORNER



MR. J. HOWARD FRYER

MOST of us have passed the Berkshire County Savings Bank at one time or another. It is, of course, the massive white structure at the corner of North Street, facing west. If you were to enter, no doubt you would be amazed at the hub-bub within its portals. There, in this one vast metropolis, business is transacted that affects each of us in one way or another. Here we found Mr. J. Howard Fryer, seated at his large, but undeniably neat desk, busily engaged in conversation with an associate.

Mr. Fryer graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1909 where he took the academic course, the only one available at that time. After graduation, he entered the Eastman Business School, now defunct, but then located in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. There he took a course in business education, which proved to be a distinct advantage in his present position.

After graduating from Eastman, Mr. Fryer worked as a traveling salesman for the A. H. Rice Company; he was also associated with the Berkshire Electric Company for several years.

Mr. Fryer claims that he happened to come into his present occupation quite by accident. He explained that as he was investigating

various prospects in the professional world, he suddenly decided that he would enter the banking profession, a choice, we are sure, he has never regretted.

There are, as in any business, many advantages. This is also true in the banking world. "In very few cases can these pleasant surroundings or fine associations be duplicated. One works with only persons of highest character. This business presents the opportunity of meeting new and interesting people all day," says Mr. Fryer. "Perhaps one of the most important advantages is the assurance of a steady job; there are no strikes and few interruptions to be found," he added.

Many of us have heard the term "bankers' hours" no doubt. That is the one misunderstanding commonly found. This term does not adhere in this case. Although the bank opens at 9.00 and closes its doors at 3.00, the hours are considerably longer. One can find Mr. Fryer seated at his desk until nearly 5 some nights.

Mr. Fryer takes pride in being somewhat of a "father confessor". People often come to him with their troubles. A banker must be willing to hear and sympathize with people. He must take a genuine interest in those with whom he is working. He must be able and qualified to give counsel and advise rightly. The ability to like and get along with others is a major factor in this and any profession. If one possesses such qualities, much more will be gained than material wealth.

Although he is extremely busy, Mr. Fryer manages to fit some recreation in his crowded schedule. Having played football in high school and participated in track, he is very fond of sports.

Not only is Mr. Fryer an outstanding member of his profession, but he is a civic-minded citizen as well. He is treasurer of the Community Fund, vice president of the Crippled Children's School, a trustee of the Berkshire Athenaeum, a member of the Board of Directors of the Berkshire Hills Country

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Club, and a former member of the City Council.

Our sincerest thanks are extended to one of Pittsfield's finest business men and most hospitable bankers. Seldom can one find so modest a man as Mr. Fryer. It has been a pleasure and privilege to interview him.

A New Interest in Personal Relations

NOW is the time for all high school students to realize that personal relations are a major part of our lives. When we plan for the future, we seldom realize what an important part in that future is the ability to get along with others. However, there are people who are concerned with this problem, as is illustrated by the fact that Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People" has sold almost as many copies as the Bible and Shakespeare's Plays. Certainly then, there must be something to getting along with the other fellow.

A recent article published by Science Research Associates states that "personal relations are fundamental. Because the ability in personal relations affect every part of your life, developing that ability is as vital as mastering any of the other fundamentals." Since this makes such a difference in our lives, it is important that we learn more about the subject.

Here in high school, we meet and associate with all types and kinds of people, representing many different creeds, religions, and races. This "rubbing shoulders" with the other fellow gives us a broader outlook on the world and the people in it.

Extra-curricular activities are also valuable for a well-rounded personality. They give us the necessary experience in cooperating with others. They teach us fair play. Once we have mastered this art, we are well on

the road toward learning and practicing this new ability of co-operation. If high school does nothing else, it should, at least, train us in this respect. It can and will, but not unless we ourselves decide to take a new and keener interest in personal relations.

Not only is the ability to get along with others a major factor today, but it will also have an important role in later life.

It has been found that thousands lose their jobs each year, not because of the inability to do their work, but because they cannot get along with their fellow-worker and boss. Employers are becoming more and more aware of the fact that an un-cooperative worker can do endless damage to a smooth-running organization. For this reason, many employers rate a prospective employee more on his ability to get along with others than his general performance or skill in his line of work.

It is wise to remember that the responsibility will be upon our shoulders as it was with our forefathers. We are the citizens of tomorrow. It is incumbent upon us to include in our world the all important factor of better personal relations.

COUNSELING

Seniors, now is the time to start sending applications to the college of your choice. In most cases early application is not only recommended but required. Those applying early are most likely to be given preference over the others. Further information can be obtained from your counselor.

Counselors for this year are:

Grade 9 —Miss Keegan and Mr. Walsh

Grade 10—Miss Kaliher and Mr. Reagan

Grade 11—Mrs. Behan and Mr. McKenna

Grade 12—Miss Bulger and Mr. Tully

Make an appointment to see your counselor if you find yourself in doubt concerning your course. Your counselor will be more than glad to help you with your problem.

WHO'S WHO

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"CASEY"

Here is Marilyn Case, a senior you all know. Her activities include sports, although her favorites are softball and field hockey. She is, also, editor of poetry for THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Surprisingly enough she likes all her subjects, but her history and senior math come first. Although she admits the Braves didn't do very well, they are still her favorite ball club. When, however, she is not following the Braves, she enjoys working on her stamp collection more than anything else.

Marilyn hopes to go to college after graduation in June. We wish her all the luck in the world.

MUSICIAN

If you ever wish to find this senior, look in the music room. John (Johnny) Morelli is very active in band, orchestra, boys' glee club and the mixed glee club. His ambition is to go to the New England Conservatory of Music for a master's degree in music. His favorite food is steak and his pet peeve is people who don't keep appointments. Good luck, Johnny. We're sure you'll get your degree if you keep on with your good work.

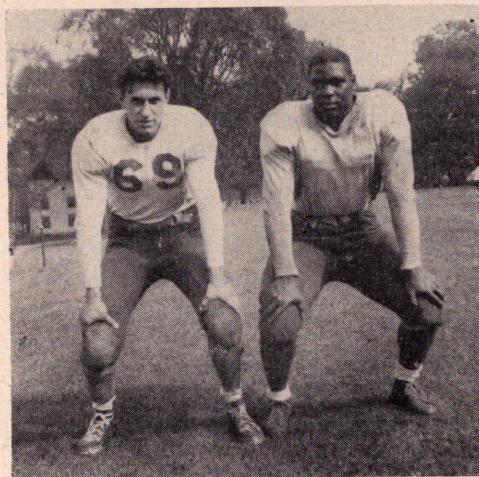


FOOTBALL CO-CAPTAINS

Here is a pair who need no introduction, Frank Reid and Jerry Rufo, co-captains of our football team.

Both six foot seniors agree that girls in general are "Okay". Jerry, a Yankee fan, claims spaghetti as his favorite dish. Vanilla ice cream rates highest for Frank, but as far as baseball teams go, he hates 'em all.

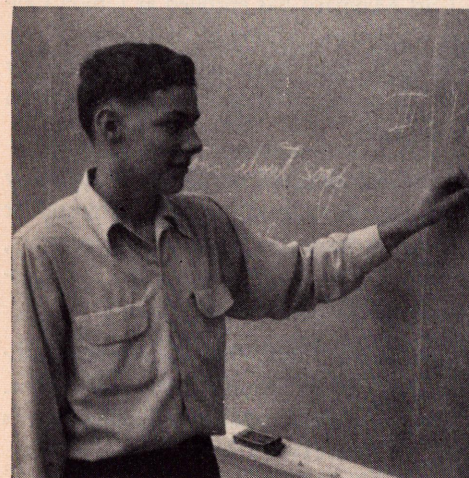
After graduation, Frank hopes to attend St. Michael's College while Jerry plans to get a job. The best of luck to both of you!



"CHUB-CHUB"

In case anyone is wondering about the identity of the young lady who gets up and demands that we yell louder at the rallies and games, let us introduce you to Elaine Soldato (or "Chub-Chub" to her close friends), captain of our cheerleaders.

"Not to be an old maid" is Elaine's ambition, and as for future work, Elaine would like to find a well-paid secretarial position after graduation. Best of luck for the future, Elaine, and keep them yelling.



"BYRD"

This senior is Harold Byrde, called "Byrd" for short. If one is puzzled by Einstein's "Theory of Relativity", or some other simple subject, "Byrd" is your boy!

He is a very active member of the Motion Picture Club, acting as president last year. He is also a member of the Phi-Hi-Y. His pet peeves are last minute rushes; and he'll eat anything the cafeteria has to offer (Brave lad!).

Harold isn't sure what he wants to do when he graduates, but he'll probably make good in whatever field he chooses. Good luck, "Byrd".

PAT FASSELL

Meet Pat Fassell, whom you will see leading our majorettes this year. Pat enjoys swimming and watching football games (P.H.S.—Naturally!) Her favorite subject is shorthand and she lists spaghetti as her favorite food. Her pet peeve is having people borrow things from her.

Pat, who now works at the Palace Theater, hopes to go into office work when she graduates. Her ambition, which she says is every girl's ambition, is to get married.





CLASS OF 1952

Paula Coughlin has entered her freshman year at Smith College. Paula was on the editorial staff of the Yearbook, was a member of the Glee Club and class day committee, and was Girls' Sports editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*.

Barbara Fox, Clementine Fox, Suzanne Griffin, and Linda Rabiner have entered the Bishop Memorial Training School for Nurses at Pittsfield General Hospital.

Jane Benton is a first-year student at Mount Holyoke College. Jane, a Pro Merito student, received a scholarship to Mount Holyoke.

Eleanor Persip and Jeanette Kahn have enrolled at Arnold College of Physical Education. Eleanor was a member of the glee club, senior class council, cast of the senior operetta, and the senior basketball team. Jeanette was a member of the basketball and softball teams.

Robert Gilarde has entered his freshman year at Bryant College of Business Administration.

David Chiorgno has entered his first year at University of Miami. David received a scholarship to the university.

Carl Maynard has enrolled at Union College. Carl won a scholarship to Union. While at P. H. S., Carl was a member of "Hungry Five," a popular German band, and was on the ski team.

Leo Gilson has entered Deerfield Academy as a postgraduate student. Leo was president of his class during his junior and senior years, co-captain of the football team, and the recipient of the Tommy Curtin medal.

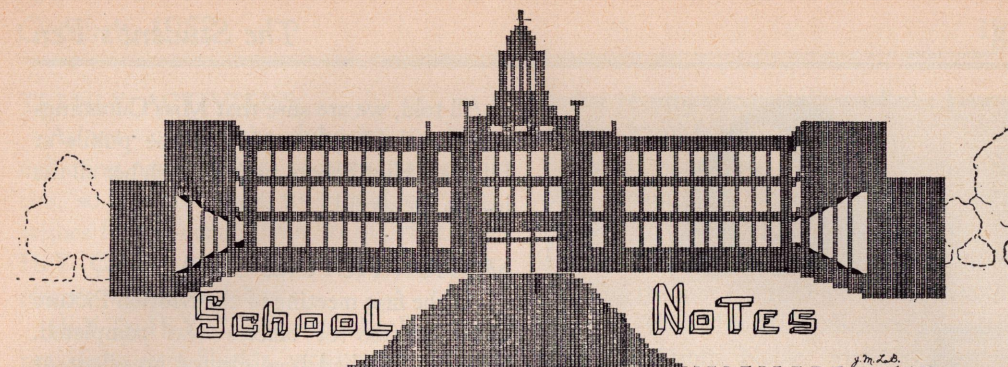
Jean Marie Trudell has entered her freshman year at the University of Vermont. Jean was business manager of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* for her last two years.

Muriel Daniels, Janet Lewis, and Joan Thacker have entered the University of Massachusetts for their first year. Muriel is majoring in English and was editor of the yearbook and essays editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. Janet was poetry editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*.

Constance Grand-Lienard has entered her freshman year at Cornell University.

Kay Correll has enrolled at Katherine Gibbs.

Ruth Tuggey is a freshman at Bates College.



Mary Bolotin, Diane Byrne, Mary Ann Carity, Susan Connors, Albert Desrosiers, Eleanor Farrell, Sonia Kronick, Marcia Lipszy, Katy MacCarthy, Elfrieda Pierce, Joanne Ruberto, Sandra Sable, Myron Schwager, Robert Snow, Betty Thacker, Madeline Tini, Pat Whalen.

FACULTY NOTES

This year we are unfortunate in losing the services of four very capable teachers—Mr. Lewis Willbrant, Mr. James Conroy, Miss Ella Casey, and Mr. Edward Stanley.

Mr. Willbrant, who had taught drafting in the Vocational Department since 1941, has left the profession for a position in industry.

Mr. Conroy had taught chemistry for 18 years in P. H. S. From 1942 to 1945 he was an instructor in chemical warfare in the Armed Forces. Last year he was class adviser to the Junior Class and directed the dialogue of the "Red Mill." He now is principal at Redfield.

Miss Casey, a teacher in French, made that language enjoyable for every one of her students. For anyone puzzling over the answer to "Parley vous Francais?" she always had the time to lend him a "secourable main". She retired from P. H. S. last June.

Mr. Edward Stanley, also an instructor in the Vocational Department, has taught here since 1950. His teaching the academic subjects was an important part of the vocational course. He has been transferred to the Physical Education Department.

These four teachers, who devoted much of their time to P. H. S., will be missed by the students and the faculty alike. Our best wishes go with them always.

P. H. S. has been very fortunate in securing four "Grade A" teachers: Mr. Joseph

Gugino, Mr. David Haylon, Mr. Daniel Donoghue, and Miss Rosemary Cummings.

Mr. Gugino is already well known as a pleasant and efficient science teacher. He graduated from Hutchinson High School, Buffalo, New York and from Canisius College with a Bachelor of Science degree. He also has a Master of Education degree from North Adams State Teachers College. Prior to coming to P. H. S., he taught in the Buffalo school system.

In Room 105 we find a good-looking young man, Mr. David Haylon, who is teaching the General Vocational class. He is not exactly a stranger here because he is a graduate of our high school. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Providence College. After his graduation, he was employed at the Sheraton Hotel in Pittsfield.

Next we encounter Mr. Donoghue, the new vocational shop teacher, who can be seen at P. H. S. only at lunchtime, since he teaches metal working and related subjects at Reed School. Mr. Donoghue, who lived in Springfield, attended Northeastern University and became an apprentice in tool and die-making at the Westinghouse Electric Company. He received his training at Fitchburg.

The last teacher, Miss Cummings, will be interviewed in "Meet the Faculty".

We sincerely wish these four teachers the best of luck in P. H. S., and we hope that their years here will be enjoyable for them.



MISS ROSEMARY CUMMINGS

MEET THE FACULTY

When we went to interview Miss Cummings, we were immediately impressed by her friendliness and pleasant disposition.

Miss Cummings, who graduated from Pittsfield High School, Our Lady of Elms College in Chicopee, and Pittsfield Secretarial School, is now working for her master's degree at North Adams State Teacher's College. Before coming to Pittsfield High School this year, she taught at Central Junior High School.

As to her duties at Pittsfield High School she says, "All day long I teach nothing but French, French, French." Not that she doesn't like French, you understand, but it is only natural that she misses Central and teaching her other subject, English. As she says, "Central will always have a place in my heart." She goes on to say, however, that she likes Pittsfield High School very much, and that she is pleasantly surprised to see how well behaved the pupils are.

Inquiring about hobbies, we were surprised to hear that she likes fishing, which one might think is a bit unusual, especially among women teachers. She also follows football and basketball, and her favorite team is Pittsfield High School, naturally.

As far as likes and dislikes go, she definitely likes sitting down to a pan of pizza, but hates getting up in the morning.

All told, we are sure that Miss Cummings will make a big hit with all the pupils at Pittsfield High School, and we wish her all the luck in the world.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

At the first meeting of the Motion Picture Club election of officers was completed. Robert Snow had been elected president at the annual meeting last year. The results of the voting are as follows: vice-president, Nancy De Witt; corresponding secretary, Jean Barriere; co-treasurers, Donald Roche and Joyce Todd; discussion leader, Alfred Bourdo; librarian, Rita Spadafora; co-chairmen of the reporting committee, Wilma and Pat Hooper; chairman of sunshine committee, Judy Exford.

The club holds its meetings two Fridays a month. At its second meeting the club was honored by a visit from Donald Morey, a former president, who presented an interesting talk on the art of movies.

On the club's third meeting two pictures, "Don't Bother to Knock" and "Black Swan" were discussed by Cynthia Weeks and Dolores Zepka.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Morton Wayne, will hold its meetings on Wednesdays in Room 108. Since this is the last year that the ninth grade will be in this school, Mr. Wayne has decided to combine the freshmen with the regular glee club.

Some of the songs that the club will learn are "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor" from the hit show "Miss Liberty"; "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" from "Oklahoma;" and "Over the Rainbow" from the "Wizard of Oz." Connie Willis will again accompany the singers.

The Boys' Glee Club meets on Tuesday. "The Blue Tailed Fly," "Stout Hearted Men," and "Moonlight Bay" they are learning to sing.

The Mixed Glee Club will meet on Friday afternoons in 108 after school.

TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

As yet, most of the clubs are too busy inducting new members to have any activities, so we just want to extend our best wishes for the coming year to the Hi-Y-Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet, the clubs, and their new officers, who are as follows:

Hi-Y-Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet—Collie Pomeroy, president; Ann Shields, vice-president; Sara Morgan, secretary; and Carol Walters, treasurer.

Alpha—Mary Ellen Boland, president; Sally Reagan, vice-president; Sally Groves, secretary; Janet Cheyne, treasurer; and Laura Altobelli, chaplain-warden.

Beta—Sara Morgan, president; June Dunham, vice president; Elizabeth Mills, secretary; Rosemary Mason, treasurer; Pauline Chapman, chaplain; and Alice Bartelli, warden.

Delta—Joan Richards, president; Jane Lundberg, vice president; Mary Patella, secretary; Helen Quadrozzi, treasurer; and Marie Provenzano, chaplain.

Gamma—Carol Walters, president; Shirley Harris, vice president; Carol Prentiss, secretary; Barbara Dellert, treasurer; Ann Marie Chamberlain, chaplain; and Claudette Moelleur, warden.

Sigma—Joan Robinson, president; Dolores Barea, vice president; Betty Overbaugh, secretary; Bunny Waryjasz, treasurer; and Diana Burn, chaplain and warden.

Zeta—Irma Di Croche, president; Carol Haskins, vice president; Ruth Leone, secretary; Joan Boschetti, treasurer; Ann Boscardin, chaplain; and Mary Ann Cebula, warden.

PHI-HI-Y

The Phi-Hi-Y, a newly formed Y.M.C.A. organization for coeds, has begun its first complete year. This is the only one of its kind in Massachusetts and the second in New England, being started as a mere experiment last fall by a small group of boys and girls.

This year the club plans to carry out a

number of projects, including a Sadie Hawkins Dance in March.

A great honor was bestowed upon this young organization when Collins Pomeroy, president of the Phi-Hi-Y, was elected President of the Hi-Y-Tri-Hi-Y cabinet, thus becoming the first Phi-Hi-Y-president to hold this office. Other Phi-Hi-Y officers are Robert Rose and Debra Noble, vice presidents; Carol Montgomery, secretary; Jack Foote, treasurer; Judy Larkin, chaplain; Gary Tabor, warden.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

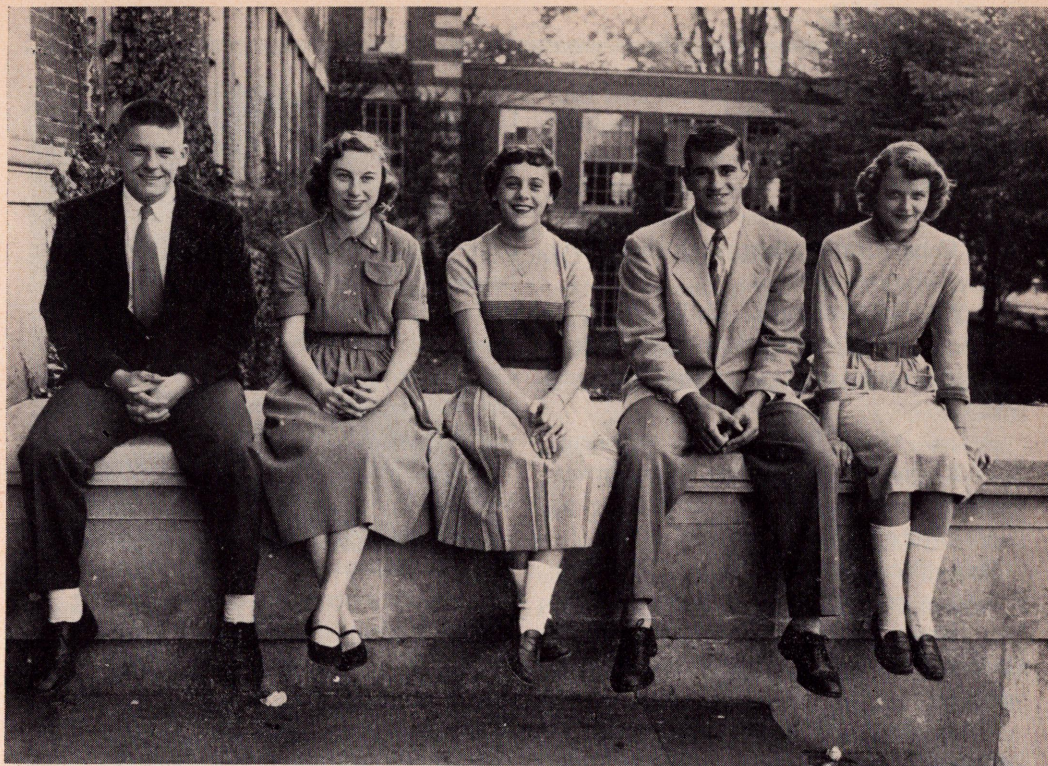
The boys in 102 wish their new teacher, Mr. Asel Harvey, lots of luck with his new position. He succeeds Mr. Lewis Willbrant.

Some students in the Drafting Department have made some drawings for a bench and cabinet set to be used by Mr. McMahon, the camera man of Pittsfield High School. The General Shop is in charge of building it.

The Cabinet Making class of Mr. Driscoll is in charge of making the stage scenery which is to be used in the teacher's play, to be held in the near future at Pittsfield High School Auditorium. They are also making some bookcases for Redfield School.

The Auto Mechanics have the honor of repairing five ex-State cars for the superintendents of Schools. The job foreman is a young man by the name of Paul Hoag.

The Printing Department has also had a very busy beginning, and business is still booming. First of all, there has been a Student's Handbook, prepared for the Vocational Department, which was printed in the Print Shop. They have also printed the programs for this year's Booster Game, an innovation for the department this year. Another interesting job they have completed is printing the flyers for the United Student's Fund. Last but not least, a very interesting factor was brought up by Mr. Dehey, the Printing Instructor, that the shop and the rest of the basement floor has been painted for the first time in many years.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: Larry Bossidy, Rita Spadafora, Mary Patella, Chuck Garivaltis, and Anne Shields

SENIOR ELECTIONS

After a short but fiery campaign, which consisted mostly of very colorful posters, the Senior Class elections were held. After the smoke cleared, "Chuck" Garivaltis and Larry Bossidy were named president and vice president respectively. These contests were very closely fought, however. Other officers elected include Ann Shields, vice president; Mary Patella, secretary; and Rita Spadafora, treasurer.

We of THE STUDENT'S PEN staff wish to extend our most sincere congratulations to the new officers.

TECHNICAL RADIO CLUB

The Technical Radio Club held its first meeting September 24 in the high school. Many sophomores and juniors, a total of about 25, attended the meeting. Election of club officers will take place this month.

Mr. William Buchanan, advisor for the group, will teach Basic Radio Theory for the new members. This year, too, the club received a great deal of new equipment, making it one of the finest in the country. Future plans include building a two-way amateur radio station in the basement of the high school.

Meetings will be held every Wednesday night at seven o'clock in room B-9. Anyone wishing to join may do so by coming to one of the meetings.

TECHNICAL NEWS

For several years, representatives of the principal technical colleges have been coming to P. H. S. in accordance with a plan to acquaint the Technical Seniors with as many of these schools as possible. In September Professor Donald G. Downing gave a very interesting story on Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Movies illustrated the life of a typical

student at the Institute and were followed by Professor Downing's talk outlining entrance requirements, scholarships, tuition and living costs, together with other descriptive data on the school, its faculty, courses, etc. This talk, with the question period following, will enable the seniors to better evaluate this school in their selection of colleges.

COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

The following Home Room representatives to the Student Council were elected on October 8:

14, James Russo, Thomas Pizzuto, Hubert Larrivee; 101, Joseph Puia, Joseph Sawick, John Blackwell; 102, Fred Delamarter, Paul Chapman, Paul Wilson; 103, Robert Nelson, Donald Rancourt, Joseph Talarico; 104, Robert Clark, Ronald Bean, Carl Zurrin; 104, Frances Barry, Patricia Gerhardt; 110, Robert Alberti, Dorothy Bard; 137, Alan Clayson, Bonnie Clark; 138, Rita Duna, John Noulds; 140, Chris Gilson, Sandra Garnish; 141, Stanley Supranowicz, Steve Hornyak, Anthony Venturini, Charles Ransa; 142, Anthony Bonaquisto, Catherine Bello; 143, Mary Lou Anderson, James Bienick; 145, Carol Douglas, James Demetry; 146, Beverly Klemansky, Peter Hubby; 147, David Fillio, Jane Garivaltis; 148, Robert Grunow, Patricia Grace; 149, Nicholas Knysh, Ruth Leone; 150, Phyllis Lombardi, Carl Leidhold; 201, Dolores Barea, Thomas Bossidy; 202, Robert Cancilla, Lois Chamberlain; 203, Deborah Chamberlain, Dennis Cohen; 204, Charles Garivaltis, Sally Groves; 205, Louis Marks, Rosemary Mason; 206, Marybeth O'Brien, Donald O'Laughlin; 208, Steve Wilk, Carole Walters; 212, George Rufo, Richard Nadeau, Louis Novaris; 231, Joseph Spadafora, Carol Prentiss; 233, Loretta Garyjasz, Craig Viale; 235, Peter Cimini, Carol De Witt; 236, Peter Doherty, Jeannine Eberwein; 238, Charles Godfrey, Beverly Furey; 239, Betsy McCormick, Shaun McGuigan; 240, Lucy Jordan, Michael

Hine; 241, Sheila Magri, Harry Ladopoulos; 242, Sara Milne, Roger McDowell; 243, Gerald Nonken, Beverly Nicholls; 302, Robert Quadrozzi, Elizabeth Ricci; 303, Joyce Seddon, Stuart Sandrew; 305, Susan Strong, Donald Terpak; 307, Paul Whitney, Stephanie Woitkowski; 311, Beverly Mole, David Monks; 326, Charles Alberti, Collins Pomeroy; 332, Carol Wasson, Walter Whitman; 333, Carol Rattman, Brian Slowick; 335, Nancy Shea, Ward Starkey; 337, Mary Ann Aptacy, Robert Chichiaretto; 338, Constance Fassell, Carolyn Keefe; 341, Patricia Whalen, Bruce Zwingenstein; 342, Patricia O'Brien, James Pelkey; 344, Judith Wilder, Leonard Yon; 345, Kristine Bonnevier, Larry Herzig.

RETAIL SALES

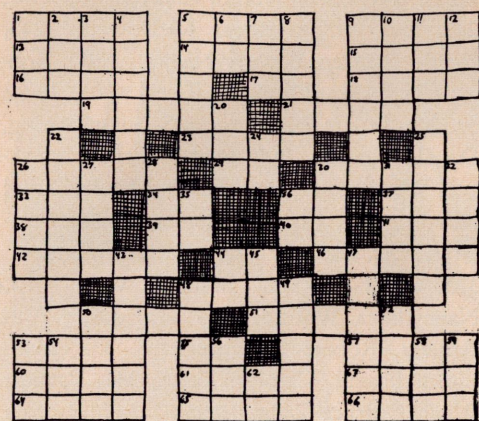
On Monday, September 15, the Retail Sales Class held their first club meeting. The following girls were elected as officers: president, Patricia Gerhardt; vice-president, Rita Christopher; secretary, Mary Maffuccio; treasurer, Joan Litchfield; publicity manager, Cynthia King.

Plans for the year were discussed. The group will entertain the children at the Crippled Children's Home again this year. Plans were also outlined for the annual tour to a shopping center which will take place in the early spring. A Good-Grooming project was started, with the deadline set for October 15.

THE CHEERLEADERS

Busy Elaine Saldato is this year's captain for the varsity cheerleaders. Mary Gabriel, Shirley Hunt, Nancy Giard, and Helen Quadrozzi make up the rest of the squad.

Ten regulars and three alternates have been chosen to make up the junior varsity squad. The former are as follows: Loretta Waryjasz, Nancy Lizotte, Peggy Vella, Sandra Dorman, Marlene Stevens, Betty Overbaugh, Jane Heath, Sandra Sable, Jane Lundburg and Marilyn Farrell. The alternates are Rosalind Bishop, Ann Boscardin, Eileen McGuigan.



ACROSS

- 1 — is football season
 5 Quick, alarmed sigh
 9 Center of an apple
 13 Certain piece of land
 14 Western state
 15 Epochs
 16 Payments to a landlord
 17 Opposite of don't
 18 Small salamander
 19 Gase
 21 Snares
 23 Challenge
 26 Hasten
 29 Touchdown (abbr.)
 30 Short
 33 Australian animal
 34 While
 36 Each (abbr.)
 37 Station (abbr.)
 38 Movement of tide
 39 Battleship "Mighty"
 40 District of Columbia (abbr.)
 41 Limited (abbr.)
 42 Writing tables
 44 Morning (abbr.)
 46 Joints of the legs
 48 Bark portion of a sawed log
 50 Wintery precipitation
 51 Rhythmic writings
 53 Drinking utensils
 55 Conjunction
 57 Football play
 60 Largest continent
 61 Number of quarters in a football game
 63 Colors
 64 Cooking utensils
 65 Of ten
 66 Type of salad

DOWN

- 1 Distant
 2 Part of verb "to be"
 3 Parts of a telescope
 4 Last mentioned
 5 Football lineman
 6 Preposition
 7 Unhappy
 8 Call on a telephone
 9 Position on a football line
 10 Steel is made from iron —
 11 Uncooked
 12 Superlative ending
 20 Dine
 22 Used in counting
 24 Road (abbr.)
 25 Piece of mail
 26 To take a warning
 27 Scrapes against
 28 Large pack animals of Asia
 30 Not a lineman but a —
 31 Land surrounded by water
 32 Quickly passing amusements
 35 Exclamation
 36 Education (abbr.)
 43 Midwestern State
 44 Boy's nickname
 45 Touring guide
 47 Mythical elf
 48 Fast
 49 Wild pigs
 50 Turn quickly
 52 King of Israel
 53 Boy's hat
 54 Abbr. of our country
 56 Enemy
 58 Ocean
 59 Compass direction
 62 United Nations (abbr.)

THE CRYSTAL BALL

On October 1st, from 9.00 a. m. to 1.00 p. m. the co-editors of School Notes took a poll of prophets on the outcome of the World Series. The results were as follows:

Mark Alimansky, Yankees	4 games to 3
"Toot" Barea, Dodgers	4 games to 3
Louie Marks, Yankees	4 games to 0
Bob Schwager, Dodgers	4 games to 0
Larry Bossidy, Yankees	4 games to 1
Tom Bossidy, Yankees	4 games to 1
Anne Shields, Dodgers	4 games to 2
Miles Doherty, Yankees	4 games to 2
Bill Ryall, Dodgers	4 games to 1
Katy McCarty, Dodgers	

"in two or three games"
 (Is this possible?)

Harvey Robinson, Yankees	4 games to 2
Ronnie Hebert, Yankees	4 games to 1
Sally Groves, Dodgers	4 games to 3
Jack Thompson, Yankees	4 games to 2
Brad Bowers, Yankees	4 games to 0
Paul Yoss, Yankees	4 games to 1
Mr. Wayne, Yankees	4 games to 1—or 2
Miss Kaliher, Yankees	4 games to 3
"Frank N. Styne"—"The Dodgers will 'murder' those Yanks."	

It was discovered after the poll was taken that most of the Yankee supporters secretly favored the Dodgers. All that we have to say to them is "cowards!" However, the "cowswamies" of the Crystal Ball offer, as a reward for the right prediction, one fortune, told absolutely free, and at no cost to the winners!

ORCHESTRA

When the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Morton Wayne, met in room 108 for their first practice of the year, it was discovered that there was an unusually large string section.

All the musicians were delighted to hear that the orchestra would travel to the annual music festival which will be held this year at Turners Falls.

PITTSFIELD HIGH RALLIES

Pittsfield High has had two rallies so far, and both of them have been very successful. Mr. Wayne led the band at our first rally. The freshmen and sophomores went in before the upper classmen, and the cheerleaders taught them the cheers; consequently they were able to hold their own when the entire student body cheered. The speakers were Coach Fox, and the two co-captains, Frank Reid and Jerry Rufo.

Our second rally was a booster rally for the P. H. S. Drury game. About 1800 tickets were distributed to the students. As a reward for a good sale, the clock was turned back for an early dismissal.

The band took a well deserved rest, and in its place was a five-piece outfit called the "Hungry Five", whose music was very good.

October 10th: Late returns 2356 tickets sold. Dismissal at 12.30.

BAND

This year the band, containing 102 pieces, is the largest in the history of Pittsfield High. Its fall schedule is to play for football games, rallies, and the Hallowe'en and Armistic Day parades.

During the halves of games the band has been doing an excellent job entertaining, using very colorful formations, and playing such marches as "Our Director", "Glorious Victory", and "Semper Fidelis".

Under the very capable direction of Mr. Morton Wayne, the band hopes to make this one of its most successful years.

P.H.S. "DOME" WINS FIRST PLACE

Only a newcomer to the competition at the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the P. H. S. "Dome" won a first-place rating for the second consecutive year. The yearbook received 920 out of a possible 1000 points in

contest with other high schools having an enrollment between 1500 and 2500.

THE STUDENT'S PEN staff extends its congratulations to Miss Pfeiffer, the faculty adviser, and the editors in the class of 1952.

SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL

On October 15, the following members of the Senior Class Council were chosen:

101	Dick Elwell
103	Robert Traversa
107	Rita Christopher
141	Frank Reid
201	Alice Bertelli, Antony Cancilla
203	Marcia Dadley, Leonard Cohen
204	Carolyn Gilbert, Ronald Kamienski
205	Barbara Limont, William Main
206	Sally Reagan, Woodrow Morgan
208	Mary Walker, Jack Thompson
212	George Rufo
326	David Dapson, Edward Koscher
337	Emily Briggs, Albert Caropreso
338	Mary Gabriel, Josephine Evangelisto
342	Raymond Lee, Helen Quadrozzi
344	Joyce Todd, Bernard Savery

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The following were elected members of the Student Council: *Senior Girls*: Mary Gabriel, Carolyn Gilbert, Shirley Hunt, Ann Shields, Carol Walters; *Senior Boys*: Lawrence Bossidy, Thomas Bossidy, Charles Garivaltis, Collins Pomeroy, John Thompson; *Junior Girls*: Irma DiCroce, Ruth Leone, Betty Overbaugh; *Junior Boys*: James Ditello, Lawrence Herzig, Joseph Spadafora; *Sophomore Girls*: Beverley Furry, Sandra Zarba; *Sophomore Boys*: Peter Cimini, Donald Terpack; *Freshman Girls*: Marilyn Chapman; *Freshman Boys*: Chris Gilson.

Girls' Sports

THE RUTH M. NICHOLSON BLAZER AWARD

The Ruth M. Nicholson Blazer Award is given annually to an outstanding senior girl in honor of Miss Ruth M. Nicholson, for thirty-four years Supervisor of Girls' Physical Education in Pittsfield. Through the years Miss Nicholson always showed great devotion to her work; her first thought was the welfare of "her girls". Her pleasing personality brought happiness to the thousands of girls with whom she came in contact in the Physical Education Department. This Blazer Award is one way in which the splendid spirit of enthusiasm and good sportsmanship of all Miss Nicholson's activities can be kept alive.

The girl receiving this award must have the following qualifications:

1. Active participation in the Girls' Physical Education Department.
2. Loyalty to the Physical Education Department and to the school.
3. Thoughtfulness for others.
4. A spirit of enthusiasm and good sportsmanship.
5. A scholastic average of B or over.
6. Upholding the finest standards of the school in all departments.
7. Complete cooperation with those who strive to preserve those standards.

FIELD HOCKEY

Along with fall comes one of the favorite girls' sports, field hockey. When the girls begin practice on the field behind the school, they don't even give the grass a chance to grow. As they run up and down the field trying to get the ball through their opponents' goal posts, the ruggedness of this

sport can readily be seen. However, that doesn't decrease its popularity. It takes more than bruised shins and knuckles to keep these field hockey enthusiasts out of the game.

As usual, the sophomores have turned out in large numbers to try for a position on their squad. Although they are new at the sport, they show an amazing amount of enthusiasm and are rapidly developing skill.

With more determination than ever to walk off with top honors, the juniors play an excellent game. If they keep on as well as they began, they will be hard to beat.

Not too many seniors tried out for hockey this year, but those who did are fast perfecting skills to make their last year the best yet. When the tournament begins all three teams will be ready to take on all comers.

GYM HELPERS

There are some ambitious senior girls who have already had two years of gym themselves, but feel that they would like to help in the gym during their final year. By giving up one study period every day, these girls help with the sophomore and junior gym classes. The girls who are helping Miss McNaughton and Miss Morgan this year are Rae Cultrera, Marilyn Hill, Lorita Calderella, Shirley Ciepiela, Nancy Phelps, Marjorie Malnati, and Marilyn Case.

JUNIOR BADMINTON

While the hockey sticks clash outside, some of the juniors are participating in a milder sport inside. If one of them should challenge you to a game of badminton, watch out! These girls are getting to be experts in batting the birdie to and fro and, by the time the badminton tournament begins, should be ready to walk off with top honors.

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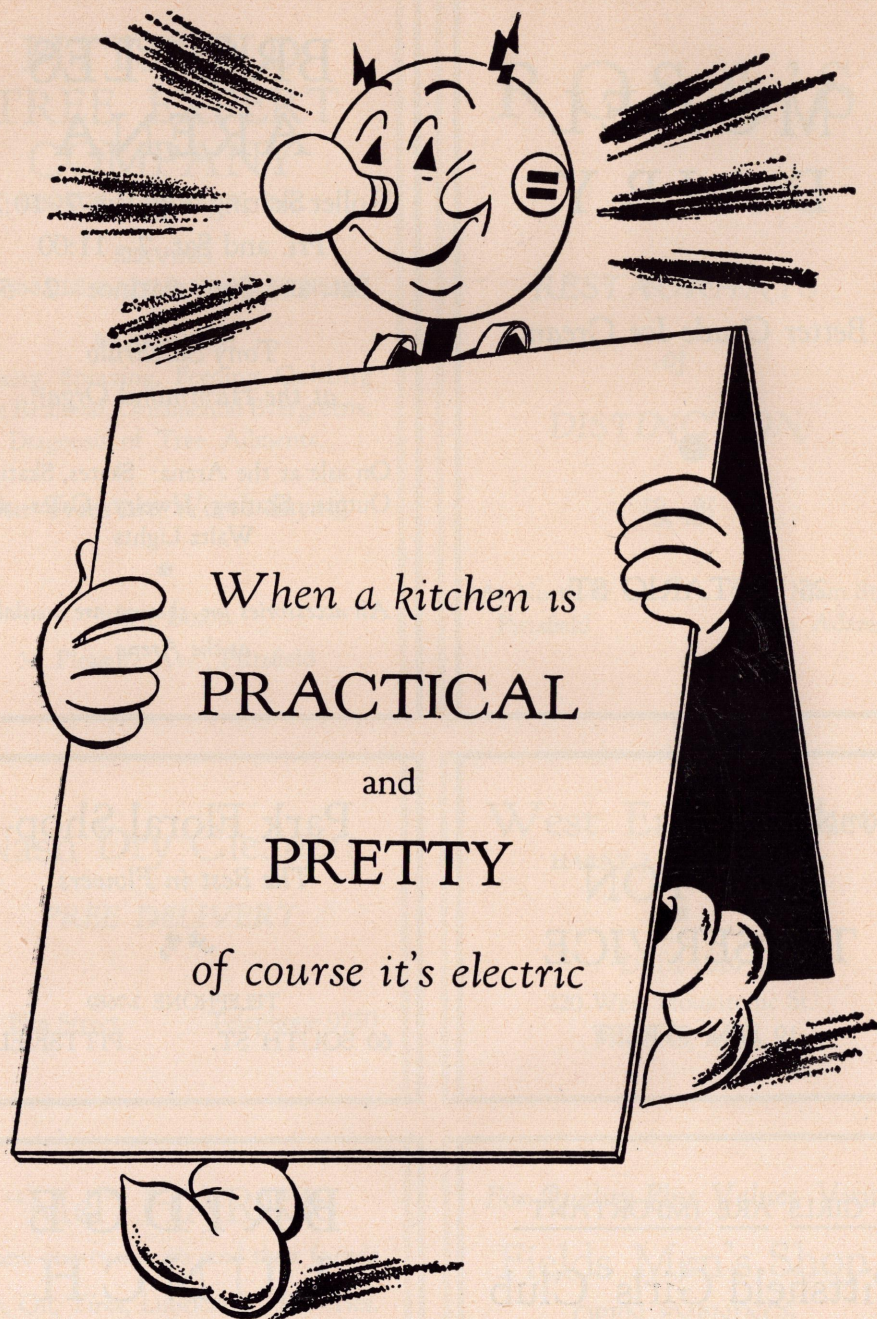
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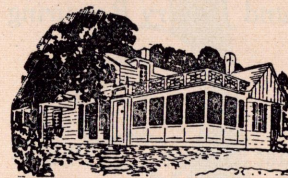


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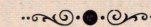
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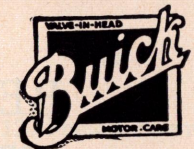
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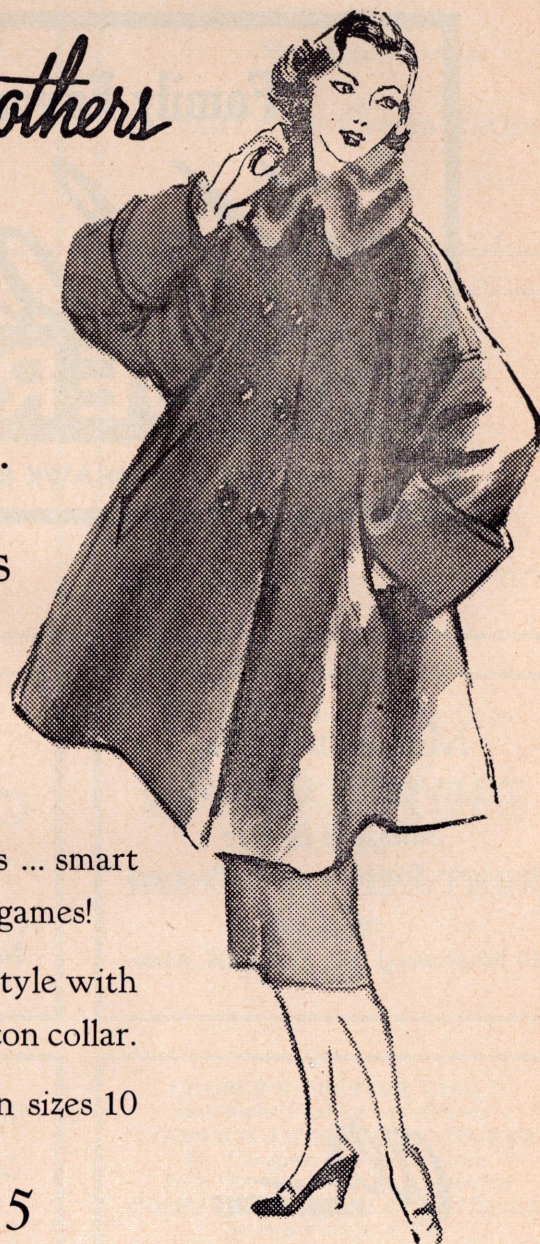
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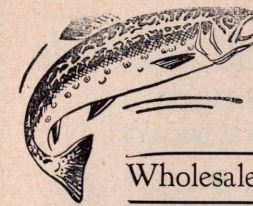
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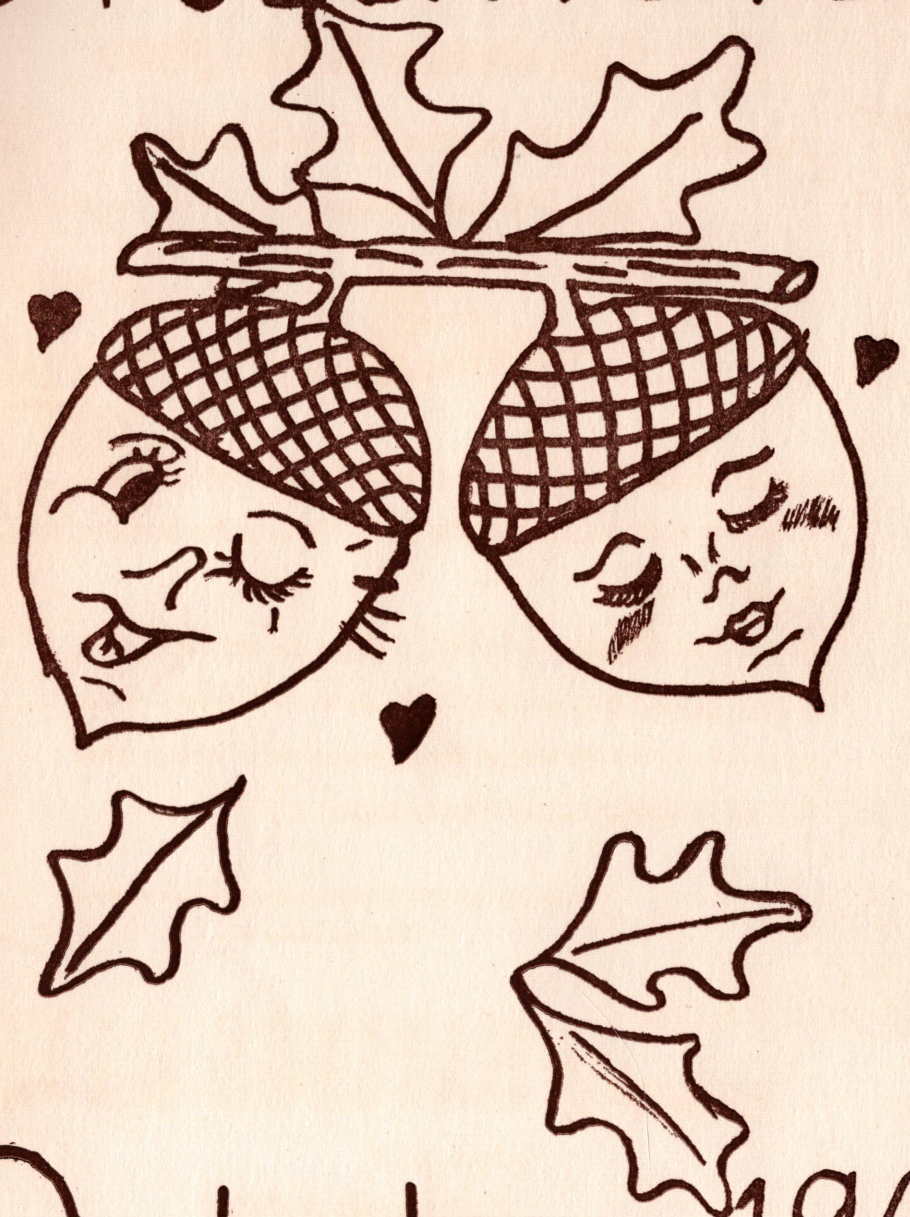
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